

# DEAFMUTE'S JOURNAL.

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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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"It Can't be Done."

How did the world get started, son? Why, some one said, "It can't be done!" That settles it. The troglodyte came out of darkness into light.

"It can't be done!" somebody said, And lo! the green fields gave us bread.

With that taunt ringing in his ears, Has man toiled upward through the years You should have seen the mill wheel run When some one said, "It can't be done!"

"It can't be done!" they said before A sail put out to sea from shore.

Since the world's remote and dismal dawn Those magic words have spurred us on.

It drove Columbus where the sun Went redly down, "It can't be done!"

"It can't be done!" the weaklings said, And lo! the Wights flew overhead.

"It can't be done!" was what they cried When Fulton offered them a ride.

They said it, and Marconi sent His message through the firmament.

That is the way it happened, son. Praise God for this, "It can't be done!"

St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

## WITH WARP AND HALYARD

During the night the wind had hauled round, and now gave every indication of becoming a three days' southeaster. To the east of harbor, Catumb Shoal showed white in the gray December dawn. With the prospect of having to pass several days ashore during the coming storm, Austin Fitch, early that morning, had gone out to his smack to give the craft more anchor warp. It had been a stiff row out from shore, but he did not intend to take any chances of having the smack drag her anchor.

The wind seemed to have increased in strength since he had come aboard, and half a gale was already blowing outside the point—a low-lying strip of sand that formed the little harbor at Bailey's Beach.

When he was satisfied that everything was snug on board the smack, he stopped a moment and looked seaward. The day had grown much lighter, and to his surprise, he saw through the white spray on the shoal the listed masts of a schooner. Evidently, in trying to make the harbor through the passage, her skipper had miscalculated, and had piled her up on the sand bar. With the storm and the falling tide, there was every chance that the vessel would break up within the next six hours.

Austin thought he knew the schooner; each moment that he watched her, he felt surer that she was the *Pliny*, and that in all probability her skipper, old Joe Harris, and his crew of were still aboard. If they had been able to get ashore in the yawl, Captain Joe would surely have called at the house, according to his custom. But Joe Harris was not the man to leave a ship until he had to leave her, and he could no more row through those seas than he could swim through them.

"It's kind of queer," Austin said to himself, "the idea of my going out to the help of Cap'n Joe. But it's me or no one this morning. And I guess he will have to put up with it, little as he thinks of me for leaving him."

Less than a year ago Austin had shipped with the old skipper, who was engaged in the coastwise coal trade. Two trips down east had been enough for him, however, and much to the old man's disgust, he had left, bought a smack, and become a fisherman. And probably to the old man's further disgust, he had benefited by the change, for a good season's fishing had enabled him to pay all that he owed on his smack and to put a little into the bank.

The young fisherman pulled up anchor, and, with the dory towing astern, was soon outside the protecting arm of the point in the racing seas of the storm. He had tied down the sail to her last reef points; that was all the canvas the smack could stand up under.

He had not underrated the difficulty or the danger of his undertaking. With sheet close-hauled, he ran down along the edge of the shoal, until he could see at intervals between crests, the white sand beneath him. The roar of the surf and moment, on the top of a comber, he

the howl of the gale filled his ears, and the spray-laden wind was bitterly cold. Five minutes later, as the staunch smack climbed the crests of the combers, he caught sight of two men clinging to the rigging of the schooner.

As he drew near the schooner, the seas, curling their tops, crashed down upon the deck of the smack; but he still kept on along the edge of the shoal. Finally, when the schooner was directly to leeward, he luffed up into the gale. Crawling cautiously forward in the icy, blinding spray, he threw over the anchor; fathom after fathom he let the smack drift back, until he was certain that the anchor would hold; then he made fast.

His plan was simple enough. He intended, by means of his extra anchor warp, to secure the dory to the sheet block and traveller, and then to let it drift back over the shoal to the wreck; he could quickly take off the men, and then haul back to the smack. Of course, it was out of the question to think of rowing back in those seas.

Although he had gone in as close as he dared, he realized that he was still too far from the wreck to make use of his warp. The only other rope that was available was his peak halyard. Instantly he began to unreeve it, bending on a piece of twine to take its place temporarily, and to serve in reeling it into the block next the masthead again. His hands were so wet and numb that he made rather bungling work of splicing the warp and halyard, but finally he accomplished it.

Watching his chance, he slipped over the stern into the dory and eased off on the warp. The dory, caught up by the seas, began to drift back toward the schooner. As it slipped down off a towering sea, a deluge of water came aboard. Taking a turn about the thwart, Austin checked the boat so abruptly that it almost stood on end, and more water rushed aboard. Plainly, if he intended to reach the schooner, he must use better judgment.

Another towering sea was overtaking him. He let the warp run again, and crawled amidships. When the wave finally struck the dory, the bow, owing to his change of position, was considerably higher, and the craft rode the wave much better. Now Austin paid out the warp more cautiously; he let it run when he saw his chance, and slowed down again when the dory seemed in danger of swamping.

He had been so busy watching the big seas that bore down on him and rushed past, that before he realized it, he had nearly reached the wreck. He recognized one of the men who were clinging to the rigging as Captain Joe. Shouting to them to be ready to come aboard, he cautiously let the dory approach the wreck.

The unfortunate schooner had listed until her weather rail and most of her deck were buried by the sea.

She was pounding heavily. Her yawl had evidently been carried away, and her decks had been swept clean. Her topsails, unfurled by the gale, were whipping in tattered shreds. Her lee foremast shrouds had parted, and even as Austin drew near the wreck, the big mast snapped off a few feet above deck, and crashing down, barely missed the dory. For a moment the tangle of rope and rigging prevented him from approaching nearer to the schooner. Waiting for the wreck to clear away, he clung to his warp, while sea after sea, numbing him with their drenching cold, rushed by. They swept the broken spar against the mainmast shrouds with a force that threatened to part them, and the next moment carried it past. Soon it disappeared in the smother of foam and water.

Once more Austin had to drop from sheer exhaustion. The smack was only twenty yards away, but the thought in his mind was that he could never reach it. He had come to the limit of his strength.

A comber higher than the others rushed down upon him, and again he had to ease off and drift back a little before it. But its feathered crest overtook him the next instant, and drenched him with a shower that chilled him to the marrow. Behind it came its mate, with its top whipped off like snow by the gale. Austin gave way again, but even at that, he took in water.

It was disheartening to lose what he had worked so hard to gain; but he went at his task once more with clenched teeth. He pulled as he had never pulled before. The water was washing about his legs halfway to his knees, and he realized that

one more comber like the last would swamp the boat, which was riding heavily; at every pull on the warp, the prow of the dory dipped deep into the water.

The two men from the schooner clung grimly to the middle thwart; they seemed indifferent to their drenching. Only a little ahead, the smack tossed in the giant seas; and then, with the terrible journey almost over, another comber swooped down upon the stanch little dory.

"Look out! Cling on!" Austin cried.

It was too late to ease off on the warp. The wave had already broken. He dared not trust the strength of his aching hands to hold the dory.

Taking a turn about the thwart, he crouched low, with his head bent before the advancing flood. The next moment he was buried in a smother of sea water that tore at his feet and threatened to drag him from the boat. The dory nosed into it, filled nearly to the gunwales, and settled down to an even keel. Austin looked anxiously behind him. The men still clung to the thwart.

There was no longer any use in being cautious. Austin settled down to a pull that would bring him through the waves, over or under them, he cared not which, to the stern of the smack. But on account of the dead weight of the water-filled dory, he could do nothing. Wave after wave boomed over him. His head was above water scarcely half the time. Waist-deep in the rushing seas, he clung there, confused, realizing only vaguely his peril. Then he suddenly felt the warp slipping through his fingers. Summoning all his will power, he roused himself, and even while the icy, numbing seas piled over him, managed to make the warp fast.

The thought of perishing almost within reach of the smack maddened him. A new plan, a possible way out of his almost hopeless predicament, suddenly occurred to him. If he himself could reach the smack, he could easily haul the dory alongside.

"I ain't much use, be I?" repeated Captain Joe. "My hands are so stiff I can't get a decent hold."

"You're doin' fine!" Austin encouraged him breathlessly.

"Give me a grip on that with ye, son. I ain't much use, but I can help some, I reckon."

They pulled away for a moment together.

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## OHIO.

Ohio news for publication may be sent to B. M. Edgar, School for the Deaf, Columbus, O.

A surprise birthday party was tendered to Mrs. Mary Frazier, at the home of her son in Bridgeport, Ohio. She was sixty-eight years old that day, and was the recipient of many lovely presents. A delicious luncheon was served, after an evening of interesting games, and all had an enjoyable time. Those present were Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Stoehr, Mr. and Mrs. William C. Seaman, Mr. and Mrs. Charles M. Weiner and son, Saul; Mr. and Mrs. John C. Bremer, of Wheeling, W. Va., Mrs. Hanah, of Barnesville, Ohio, Mr. and Mrs. William Robbie, Mrs. Lloyd Humes and son, William Alexander; Mrs. Frank Burda, Mrs. Samuel W. Corbett and Mr. Steven Leskovsky, all of Bellaire, Ohio.

Mr. Steele, of Akron motored to Columbus last week to visit his son-in-law and daughter, Mr. Russel Moore, of Hoffman Avenue. Prof. William H. Zorn goes to Toledo, March 25th, where he will the next evening, deliver a lecture under the auspices of the Toledo Ladies' Aid Society.

Friends were sorry to learn that Mrs. Henry Mundary, nee C. Runck, of Dayton, entered a hospital March 22d, to undergo an operation. Her many friends wish her speedy recovery.

Mr. Ernest Craig's Ohio friends were glad to hear that he had been selected to represent Chicago Division No. 1 at the Denver Convention.

Mr. Stout, of Akron, accompanied

Mr. Baker over to Pittsburgh and while there were guests of Mr.

Stout's uncle, Mr. William L. Saw-

hill.

Mr. and Mrs. George Black were greeting friends, March 14th, with unusually broad smiles as that date recorded forty years of married life for them. Mr. Black has been employed at the school for thirty years.

The Columbus Ladies' Aid Society met last Thursday evening, and completed plans for their reception, March 26th, in honor of the retiring officers. Miss Edith Biggam, chairman of the fall entertainment, announced her com-

mittee. At the regular meeting of the Columbus Advance Society, the treasurer reported that the Valentine Social had enriched the society \$135.20.

Rev. E. S. Hagerman and wife, of Des Moines, Iowa, motored to the Ohio Home to see their cousins, Mrs. Hattie Cavanaugh and Mrs. Carr. The former is a resident at the Home and for several years has been badly crippled from rheumatism. Mrs. Carr, her sister, is there taking care of her.

Mr. Howell Stottler, of Homerville, Ohio, is advertising for a good farm hand, with good wages and board.

The Dayton Ladies' Aid Society is preparing for a social in the near future, and Mesdames Kitchen and Schmoll and Misses Eva Berger and Carrie Lingle compose the committee to arrange the affair.

Just as Mr. C. Stevens and family, of Dayton, were beginning to feel at home in a new modern house, their landlord up sold it. He had previously told Mr. Stevens that if he liked the place he could purchase it, but it seems some one offered a better price and now Mr. Stevens must look for another home, which seems to us as rather unjust to him.

Mr. E. S. Thomas, of Columbus, a great lover of birds, had an article in the *Columbus Dispatch* about bird-boxes, and in the article we find the following about one particular box:

"This box, incidentally, was made by one of the boys of the State School for the Deaf, for the Bird Box contest conducted several years ago by the *Dispatch*. When it was not claimed after the contest, it was given to the writer and placed on the side of a building at the writer's farm in Hocking County.

In spite of our misgivings as to its suitability, the box has so far housed several pairs of bluebirds, besides the Berwick's wrens. Last fall, a pair of flying squirrels enlarged the entrance, but apparently it was not exactly to their liking, since they did not occupy it. We wish that the little deaf boy—he will not be so little now—could know the history of the box which he built."

Mr. P. D. Munger, a well known deaf printer, connected with the *Cleveland Plain Dealer*, was sent by that paper to Louisville, Ky., to represent it in a bowling tournament. Mr. Munger has been the winner of several silver cups in tournaments.

Mrs. Harry Swank, of St. Marys, Ohio, is mourning the loss of two nephews. One was the four-year old son of Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Disz, of Chicago, Ill., and the other was the twenty-one-year old son of Mr. and Emil Disz, of Bellevue, Kentucky. Mrs. Swank attended both funerals.

Mr. Andrew McNally, of St. Marys, finding himself laid off from his regular work last November, at once began repairing shoes at his

## DETROIT.

Remember! Remember! Literary Circle at D. A. D., Sunday April 3d. Good program.

Social at St. John's Parish House, to meet Rev. Smileau, April 8th. He will give a short talk at the Detroit Fraternal Club, April 9th, and his first holy communion as minister of the Mid-Western Mission at St. John's, Sunday, April 10th, at 11 A. M. "Everybody welcome."

About twenty of the deaf from Detroit attended the "Mystery Social," at Toledo, March 19th. Some of them were Mesdames P. Hellers, C. Brown, J. Berry, R. Huhn, B. Dahn and M. Howe, also John Cole and Franklin Thorment.

Joseph Rufq, from Warren, Ohio, is now working at the Briggs Mfg. Co., and Domenic DeFazio has obtained a job with the Ritter Printing Company.

Peter Theodowick, who lived in Wyandotte for the past three years, and was a good member of the D. A. D., left on the seventeenth for New York City, on the first lap of his journey back to the old country and friends in Siberia. A good job could no longer stave off homesickness and longing for childhood friends. Through the JOURNAL, he wishes to say good bye to all Detroit friends. We shall miss him, but wish him "Bon Voyage."

Peter was one of those unfortunate beings who lost home, parents, brothers, sisters and a host of relatives in a single day, during one of the raids of the Kaiser's armies.

It being Lent, an Intellectual Social was held at the Frat Club, March 19th. A Question Boy sharpened everybody's wits, followed by an Alphabet Race. It created much amusement. The Reds, under Captain Davis, each won lead pencil to use in the Poster Guessing Contest, Mrs. O. Reed and Simon Goth winning the prizes offered.

Mrs. Hattie (Allan) McCarthy, of Battle Creek, is visiting her friend, Mrs. Annie Mahl.

On March 18th, the Michigan School for the Deaf basketball team came to Detroit to play the Detroit Silents. The game took place in the General Motors Building. The M. S. D. team showed more speed and won 17 to 7. The basketball season is about over, and the Detroit Silents are now getting ready for baseball.

The Broadway Service and Repair Shop is successfully conducted by W. W. Mosby. He carries the largest and best line of shoe supplies on West Jefferson Avenue. This is remarkable as West Jefferson is nine miles long, and speaks well of the deaf in business. Mr. Mosby is a graduate of the Illinois School.

Mrs. Wm. Rheiner gave a miscellaneous shower at the Frat Club on the 24th, for Miss Anna Paeton, who will be married April twenty-fourth, at her parents' home in Rome, Mich., to Harold Christensen, a graduate of the Nebraska school. Sixty-five guests were present and showered the happy couple with many useful gifts. Afterwards appetizing refreshments were served, and the guests departed, leaving bushels of good wishes for the happy young couple.

Pete and polite, young Mrs. Edwin Hazel—wife of the president of the Omaha division—gave an erudite and interesting lecture on "Elephants," before the Susannah Wesley Circle, at the M. E. "citadel," March 16th. Mrs. Hazel amazed the sixteen ladies present with her knowledge of the subject—as brains and beauty are a rare combination. Mesdames F. Martin and Larson served a very nice luncheon. Mrs. J. Snyder, of Jacksonville, was a visitor.

Peter Taran is in Alexander Hospital. Mrs. George Marsch is still in St. Francis Hospital.

Mrs. George T. Dougherty entertained Mrs. J. Snyder at luncheon. She recently entertained several mothers and their babies at an afternoon tea.

Mrs. Fredo Hyman gave a small dinner party on the 19th, followed by two tables of 500. The winner made a Garrison finish by a closing bid of ten spades—440 points—and made it!

The Home for Aged Deaf is \$129 richer, thanks to the bazaar of the Ladies' Aid Society of Jacksonville.

Next to Chicago, the deaf of "Jax" do more for the Home than any other Illinois city. Chairman Mrs. J. Snyder altered original plans for the bazaar three weeks before it was held when Mrs. O. M. Olsen—mother of a pupil in our State school and deeply interested in the deaf—presented the committee with a big batch of dry goods. Toiling like Trojans, the ladies made twenty-five aprons, which with other articles, netted the \$129.

The Pas-a-Pas Club held a charming St. Patrick party on the 19th, managed by Mrs. John Reed—the "Auld Lang Syne" singer of the Nad convention.

Wednesday, March 16th, Bishop Griswold gave an interesting address at All Angels' Church for the Deaf, before an appreciative congregation.

Once each year one or the other of the two Episcopal bishops addresses the deaf congregation.

Jack Seipp is now plunking a linotype in Lansing, Mich.

Frederick Neesam, head teacher in the Delavan, Wis., school, was seen in Chicago on the 12-13th, deep in deliberation with the elect of the realm.

The Epworth League and the members' meetings donated a large bulletin board to the M. E. "citadel."

Dates ahead. April 9—Pas bunco, 500. 16—Pas Easter party. 30—Pas debate; Kessler vs. Craig. May 20-21—Annual Bazaar, Home for Aged Deaf, at Sac.

J. FREDERICK MEAGHER.

Geo. Schneider's home. A good crowd was present and a good sum was realized.

March 19th last, there was a Delegate Fund Party, held in the I.O.O.F. Hall. Only a few were present on account of it being stormy. Those present enjoyed themselves and a good sum was realized by donations.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Loughran, of Davenport, announce the birth of a ten and half pound baby girl, on March 17th, at St. Luke's Hospital. Mother and child are doing well.

On March 18th, Mr. and Mrs. O. T. Osterberg and son, and Mr. and Mrs. George Schneider, of Davenport, motored in the former's car to Kewanee, Ill., where they spent the day with Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Martin. A big and delightful dinner was served.

Mrs. Osterberg, Mrs. Martin and Mr. Schneider are old class and school-mates at the Iowa School for the Deaf.

Mr. Iva Ricketts, of Davenport, traded his old car in for a better one recently, and now has an easier time going between work and home.

The writer, Mr. O. G. Osterberg, had a nice and lengthy letter from Mr. Nathan R. McGreen, of Gilman, Iowa, recently. He had two bad falls last month, but is doing well, considering his eight-six years.

## PETER HAS A PARTY

It had been a particularly busy day and he was glad that the clock had arrived at the closing hour. His soles might be calloused, but Peter Mitchell was still a good old soul and dutifully wended his way homeward, joining the surging mass of humanity that was swallowed in the five o'clock human maelstrom pouring down into the subway. Spitting six or seven inches of vacant space in a car, he wedged his ample and chubby form comfortably therein and settled down for the usual twenty-five-minute Turkish bath until he reached his destination. The train was half-way along the journey—then something struck him.

The great dailies did not have an account of the accident the next day, for there had been none. It merely was a thought, a brilliant idea, that had pierced Pete's fertile brain. Emerging from the subterranean passageway at 157th Street, he walked along Broadway for a block and behold! there was before him a wonderful display. There were violets and carnations, roses and rhododendrons; jocquins next to sweet peas and orange blossoms proximating pussy-willows, while peonies and azaleas and marigolds stood around in profusion. Undismayed, for he had a staunch heart, the florist's door swung inward and our Peter entered. Orchids were his final choice.

"Oh, Peter, how could you?" she said, as she arranged the flowers in the cut-glass bowl and kissed him for the ninetieth time. "How could you have recalled that today was our silver wedding anniversary, when I thought not a soul remembered." Thereupon Peter got his twentieth, and felt happy and young again, and gazed lovingly at his Lena. She had been a good pal to him, and always was loyal when times were hard. She had not changed much in the quarter century and even retained her girlish figure, while he had been sort of careless and lost his own.

The radiant bride made a charming picture, attired in a white georgette dress, trimmed with lace, and pearls, and her veil was lace which made a pictureque setting as it was draped around her at the altar.

After the ceremony, a delicious supper was served, and there were many toasts for the very happy newlyweds. Different entertainers performed for the guests.

The couple have left for a two week's honeymoon in Bermuda. Their future home will be in Ferndale, Sullivan County, N. Y. Among those who attended were Mr. and Mrs. Fogel, Mr. Sussman, Misses Dorthea Kerber and Sadie Leder.

The good ship, "Montroyal" arrived safely at New York, Tuesday morning, March 29th, after a month's cruise down South, and brought back Editor Hodgson, ruddy with health and looking ten years younger. He reports a delightful trip, and will tell more about it in future issues of the JOURNAL.

Both the Bronx and Manhattan Frats announce dates for forthcoming entertainments in this issue. The Bronx boys July 23d, and the Manhattan boys November 19th.

They want other organizations to please consider these when booking theirs.

The marriage of Miss Elizabeth Kaplan and Mr. Kermit Siegel took place on Thursday, March 17th, 1927. It was attended by the families of the bride and groom. Among the deaf guests were Misses Zelda Bornstein, Ida Katz and Mrs. Sol. Garson. The newlyweds have just returned from a honeymoon at Atlantic City, and are residing in the Bronx.

On March 5th, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Liebsohn, of Bath Beach, L. I., had a party at their home to celebrate the twentieth anniversary of their wedding, at which all had a very good time. The rejuvenated bride and groom received quite a number of beautiful presents.

Those present were Messrs. and Mesdames Gilbert, McLaren, Goldfogel, Goldberg, Dobbs, Kaufman; Mesdames Theis, Toor, Ewing, Van Note, Mitchell, C. Thompson, Misses Donovan, Anderson, Ehrlich and Sadie Cohen, and Messrs. W. Thomas, Anderson, Poorman, Harth, Ecka, Taplin and H. A. Schnakenberg.

Mr. Charles C. McMann writes to friends in New York that everything is going on very well down in Hollywood, Cal. He has exchanged his Buick sedan for a coupe and likes it better. He sent some fine pictures of his house, which looks swell.

He said there had been a mass meeting on the 16th to hear what the legislators at Sacramento were doing about the deaf driving autos. He wishes to be remembered to all his friends at St. Ann's, and sent along a generous check to the church for the Easter offering.

Moritz Schoenfeld received summons for jury duty, returnable April 1st, or stand a fine of fifty dollars. Moritz does not consider it an April fool joke, for he has been summoned before. He says he will respond before the date.

Miss Sadie Cohen returned home to Binghamton, N. Y., last week after a lengthy stay in New York City as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. H. Liebsohn.

Rudolph Behrens was a visitor at the rooms of the Deaf-Mutes' Union League last Thursday evening. He intends to apply for membership.

## SEATTLE.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Wright, with Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Belser as companions, journeyed down to Vancouver, Wash., March 19th, a 200-mile auto trip, to take in the basket social at the State school given by the deaf of Vancouver, to raise money to entertain the Washington State convention that will be held there in June. The party was a decided success, some forty-four dollars being realized.

Chairman L. A. Divine, the head teacher of the school, was the auctioneer, assisted by Mr. Bird Craver, of Portland. The winners of the prettiest baskets were Mrs. W. S. Hunter, first prize of \$3, Mrs. Chas. Lawrence, of Vancouver, second \$2 and Mrs. J. O. Reichle, Portland, third \$1. There were about forty boxes and nearly 100 people present. Lawrence Belser and Mr. and Mrs. Wright, of Seattle, were the judges of the best decorated baskets. Mrs. Hunter's basket, which contained a fine lunch, was made of branches by her husband, covered on top by some lovely green moss, with red poppies made by the winner. It was a beauty and the lucky buyer was Mr. MacDonald, the father of Ellis MacDonald, a member of the University rowing crew.

The second one had on top a picture of a home for the aged deaf. The third one, in the shape of a horse shoe with the words "Good Luck," was unique. Lawrence Belser was the highest bidder, purchasing a large box for \$2.75.

Before the auction started, the crowd was treated to a motion picture show. Coffee was served when the baskets were opened. Portland turned out a good crowd to boost the social along, some thirty or forty being present. Mrs. L. A. Divine was missing at the social as she was taken sick the night before. The Seattle visitors called on her Sunday morning and found her improving.

Miss Alice Wilberg, our former Seattle friend, looks greatly benefited by the institution life. She told of her liking her place there and hopes to stay in Vancouver during vacation.

The many friends and classmates of Mrs. Lawrence Belser were glad to see her and congratulated Larry on winning such a lovely bride.

The W. S. A. D. Home fund committee, under the leadership of L. O. Christenson, gave a party at the Lutheran church hall, March 19th. About thirty attended and they reported an enjoyable evening.

True Partridge drove to Portland recently on business. He brought home an old friend of his, a Mr. Scott, who visited with his family for a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. John Brinkman, of Bothell, were the weekend guests of Mrs. Pauline Gustin, from March 11th to the 14th. At her home there was a little party in honor of Mrs. John Dertorio's and Mr. Brickman's birthdays, which happened on the same day—the 13th. A good supper was served.

About thirty-five friends of the Puget Sound writer sprang a surprise on her for her birthday at the Lutheran church hall, Thursday evening March 10th, "500" was played and nice refreshments were served.

Miss Esther Bloomquist had a surprise birthday party from about twenty of her friends, who presented her a beautiful neck scarf last month. Esther lives with her sister.

John Metcalf was wondering what it meant when a number of his friends dropped in at his home February 26th till they reminded him it was his birthday and presented him with some cash, with which John bought a sweater.

Mrs. John Dertorio gave a birthday party for her husband, March 18th, at her home. There were sixteen friends playing "500". They had a fine lunch, served by the hostess.

Mr. and Mrs. Rex Oliver, of Everett, announce the arrival of a baby girl, March 12th. Congratulations. We are looking for the day when they will bring the little stranger over to Seattle.

The tenth biennial convention of the Washington State Association of the Deaf will be held this year at the State school in Vancouver, upon invitation of Superintendent Geo. B. Lloyd. June 13th, 14th and 15th, are the dates decided on, according to word from President W. S. Hunter.

Rev. Geo. W. Gaertner, our minister, is on his way to Los Angeles, California, where on April 3d, he will install a new pastor, Rev. Ferber, for the deaf in place of Rev. Jensen, resigned, at the usual place, the Bible Institute, Sixth and Hope Streets.

A goodly number of Mrs. A. K

**Evangelical Association of the Deaf**

A UNION CHURCH FOR ALL THE DEAF.

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA.

Rev. Clarence E. Webb, Minister. Prof.

J. A. Kennedy, Assistant.

Service and Sermon every Sunday 3 P.M.

Congregational Church at 845 S. Hope St.

Fellowship meeting every Wednesday 8 P.M.

Y. M. C. A. Building, 715 S. Hope St.

A hearty welcome to all the deaf.

Many Reasons Why You Should Be a Frat

BROOKLYN DIVISION, No. 23, N. F. S. D., meets in Brooklyn, N. Y., on the first Saturday on each month. We offer exceptional provisions in the way of Life Insurance and Sick Benefits and unusual social advantages. If interested write B. FRIEDWALD, Secretary, 43 Parkville Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

**Manhattan Division, No. 87**

NATIONAL FRATERNAL SOCIETY of the Deaf, meets at the Deaf-Mutes Union League, 143 West 125th Street, New York City, first Monday of each month. For information, write the Secretary, Max M. Lubin, 22 Post Avenue, Inwood, New York.

**Bronx Division, No. 92, N. F. S. D.**

The value of Life Insurance is the best protection in life. Ages limited from 18 to 55 years. No red tape. Meets at Vasa Castle Hall, 149th Street and Walton Avenue, every first Monday of the month. If interested, write for information to division secretary, Albert Lazar, 644 Riverdale Drive, New York City.

**Hebrew Association of the Deaf, Inc.**

Room 403-117 West 46th St., New York. Objects: To unite all deaf people of the Jewish faith; to promote their religious, social and intellectual advancement and to give aid in time of need. Meets on third Sunday of each month. Room open Wednesday and Friday nights, and Sunday, all day. Sol Garson, President; Alfred Ederheimer, Secretary, 117 West 46th St., New York City.

**Deaf-Mutes' Union League, Inc.**

143 West 125th St., New York City. Club Rooms open the year round. Regular meetings on Second Thursdays of each month at 8:15 P.M. Visitors coming from a distance of over twenty-five miles welcome. Marcus L. Kenner, President; Anthony Capelle, Secretary, 143 West 125th Street, New York City.

**BAZAAR and FAIR**

Jersey City Division No. 91

N. F. S. D.

Saturday, April 30, 1927

**Strawberry Festival**

Auspices of

**Bronx Division No. 92**

National Fraternal Society of the Deaf

**CONVENTION FUND**

SATURDAY EVENING, JUNE 11, 1927

AT

**PARK & TILFORD BUILDING**310 Lenox Ave. near 125 St.  
New York City

TICKET 50 Cents

Refreshments

**Xavier Ephpheta Society**

Announces an

**INDOOR LAWN PARTY**

at

**XAVIER SCHOOL HALL,**  
126-132 W. 17th St., bet. 6th and 7th Aves.  
New York City.

on the evening of

EASTER SATURDAY, APRIL 23, 1927

7:30 to 12 o'clock

100 Per Cent. Amusement for Everybody Attending—Come in Your Lawn Frocks, Your Palm Beach Duds—Prizes for Outdoor and Indoor Games—Music and Dancing—Refreshment—100 Per Cent—Don't Be Shy!—Come and See for yourself—Everybody Welcome!

Admission - - - 50 Cents

COMMITTEE

Mae Austra, Leader John F. O'Brien  
Mrs. C. Nally Joseph Graham  
Mrs. J. Kieckers Julius Kieckers  
Kate Lamberson James Lonergan

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The following corporations are outstandingly the greatest in varied industries in point of rendering public service or manufacturing essential staples. They have shown consistent and remarkable growth in expansion.

Information gladly furnished on their records of earnings.

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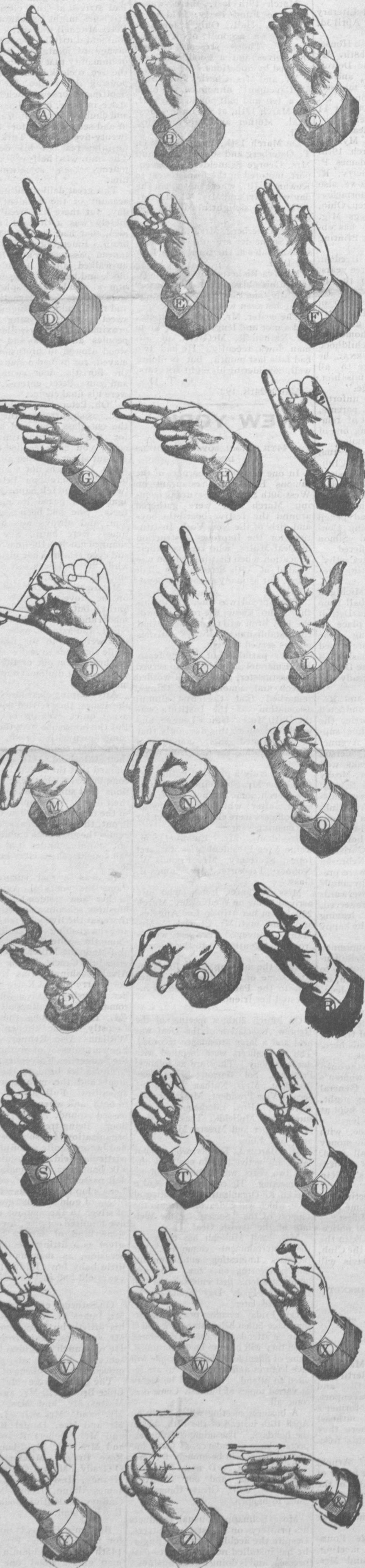
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**DEAF - MUTES' UNION LEAGUE, Inc.**

AT

**YORKVILLE CASINO**

210 East 86th Street

(Capacity over 1,000)

Cash prizes will be awarded for the most original and novel costumes.

Saturday Evening, May 14, 1927

Admission (including wardrobe) \$1.00

## COMMITTEE ON ARRANGEMENTS

Abraham Barr, Chairman

Louis Uhberg

Ben Shafraneck

**FAIR**in aid of the  
Social and Relief Work

of

**St. Mark's Society of the Deaf**

(Brooklyn Guild)

at

**St. Mark's Parish House**

230 Adelphi Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Thursday, Friday, Saturday

April 21, 22, 23, 1927

Punch and Judy Show

Supper 6 to 8 P.M.

Come and Help a Good Cause

Emma Schnakenberg, Chairman

2822 Ford Street, Sheepshead Bay

**FIELD DAY****Fanwood Athletic Association**

May 30th, 1927

PARTICULARS LATER

**BIG SURPRISE COMING!****BRONX DIVISION No. 92**

N. F. S. D.

Saturday, July 23, 1927

(Particulars later.)